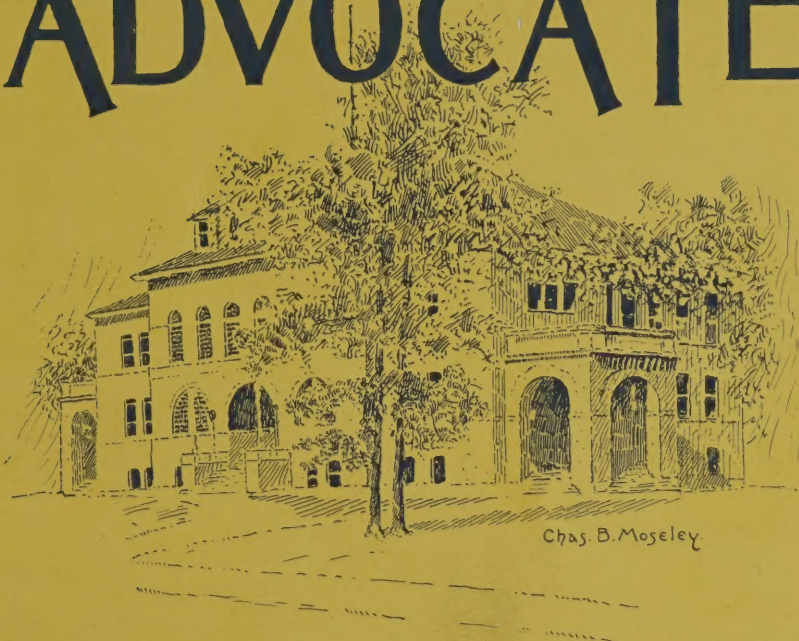


· THE · HIGH SCHOOL ADVOCATE



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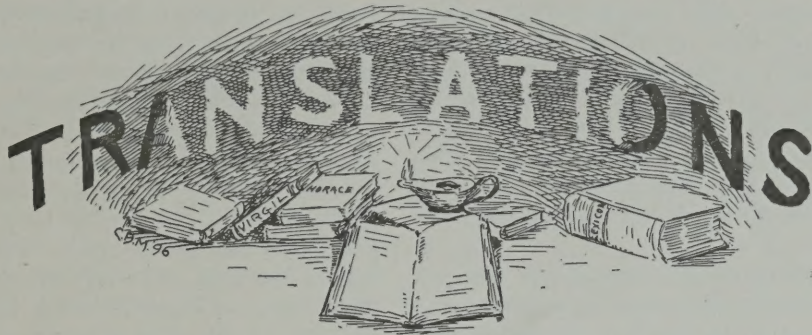
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THE HIGH SCHOOL ADVOCATE.

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DEPARTMENT EDITOR—P. E. WYE.

[From the French.]

The Philosopher and the Crocodile.

This title resembles that of a fable, but it is a true story which I am going to tell. The town of Belfast in Ireland is inhabited by philosophers. Science runs riot in the streets like wit in the French people. In arriving at Belfast, I was struck by the general appearance of the peasants; all their faces look like geometrical figures. M. Adamson, one of the numerous philosophers who keep to the right on the streets of Belfast was very rich, although a philosopher; and yet he was not happy. Every morning, on rising, he asked himself this question: Why did the traveller Bruce not discover the peninsula of Meroe? All men have a special grievance. I once knew an honorable citizen who let himself die of grief because he had been excluded, in 1830, from the lists of the national guards "on account of military stupidity." He could only hold his gun in his right hand, and both his hands were lefts. M. Adamson studied the chart of Bruce from the mountains of the Moon to Hermopolis, and he could not find this peninsula which the truthful Herodotus had seen with his own eyes, as I see you. This fact seriously troubled the grave Irishman.

One day he put on a pair of Dublin stockings and set out for Egypt via the

canal St. Georges, England, the English channel, France, and the Mediterranean. On the way he did not deign to look at anything. The peninsula of Bruce absorbed him. He found the Nile, and did not salute the pyramids, an unheard of rudeness, but which did not produce any impression on these stoical monuments; and after a sojourn of some hours in Cairo, he pursued his way to the ruins of Karnak. Still ascending the Nile, he saw the ruins of many ancient cities, but they were not honored by any admiration; it was humiliating for Egypt!

One day the heat was so strong at noon, a very natural thing in the tropics, that philosopher, Adamson, allowed himself to be enticed by the coolness of the Nile, and he decided, for the first time in his life, to take a bath in the sacred stream. He looked around with minute attention, and did not see any living being. There was not even a statue of one of the ancient Egyptian gods. The Nile passed by in religious silence, and bathed, on its left banks, superb, but nameless ruins.

Adamson, reassured by the solitude and the absence of policemen, plunged into the fresh waters of the Nile, after having arranged with care his clothes and boots on

the bank. As he gave himself up to the pleasures of the bath, and was swimming far out in the stream, he heard a threatening snort, and saw at a little distance in the water, an open mouth, ornamented with great teeth, and two burning eyes. The philosopher at once recalled, but too late, a story which commenced thus: "The dogs of Egypt always drink running along the Nile for fear of crocodiles." "O wisdom of the dogs!" he cried, and made, with his hands and feet, the greatest efforts to reach a little sandy island which he saw in the river.

Adamson fortunately gained the edge of the little isle with the crocodile at his heels; he even believed that he felt the hot breath on the soles of his feet. This breath spurred him on. He reached the land; but at the moment when he was about to yield to his joy, he remembered that the crocodile is amphibious, and perceiving a frail palm tree, embraced the trunk, and climbed to the top with the agility of a squirrel. He lodged himself as well as he could among the thick leaves, and, having secured a solid foundation under his feet, he looked at the Nile. His eyes closed a moment from fright; the crocodile came out of the water and made straight for the root of the palm tree.

The ferocious animal arrived at the foot of the tree, and showed great joy at discovering the bather through the crevices among the leaves; he made several tours of the island, still looking, and then stopped as if to convert the siege into a blockade, in the absolute impossibility of taking the place by assault.

The position of the crocodile took an alarming character. Extended at full length, he braved the sun like a lizard, and did not show any impatience; he was awaiting the descent of the philosopher, and the waving of his tail announced all the joy that the mere thought of the inevitable feast gave him. For his part the man was studying the manners of the monster.

The hours of a blockade have 240 minutes, but they pass like other hours. Time often goes slowly, but it always goes, never stops. The sun set, as of old; night came

with a very short twilight, and the last ray showed to the last look of the philosopher the crocodile in his horizontal and desperate immobility. Adamson slept little during that long night; he had several short but exciting dreams; he dreamed that he was sitting before the philosophers of Belfast, reading them a notice to show them that crocodiles did not exist, like the sphinx, and that the Egyptians had discovered this fabulous animal. At the end of his dream, he thought that he felt the dew of crocodiles' tears on his cheeks; he awoke with a start, and just escaped falling from the top of the tree upon the tail of his sleeping guardian. This rendered him more circumspect; he drove away sleep and held back his eyelids with his fingers to keep them from closing. What will one not do to preserve his life?

At sunrise, Adamson saw with despair that nothing was changed in the state of the blockade. The murmur of hunger came to the ears of Adamson, and it appeared difficult to appease. Two philosophers who found themselves in such a case of hunger would have ready remembrance of the stories of sieges or shipwrecks; the stronger would destroy the weaker; but Adamson was alone, and he saw with a just terror, hunger combining with the siege to ruin him.

Among other things of which he was ignorant, he did not know that palm trees produce sweet fruits on which the Arabs subsist very well, since Adam, the first inhabitant of Arabia. But a ray of the rising sun, gliding among the massive leaves, revealed some large clusters of dates to the hungry gaze of the philosopher, and he hastened to breakfast on these providential vegetables.

A strange thought came to assail him after breakfast. He recalled an Egyptian book in which another philosopher had proved that crocodiles are the natural avengers of all the outrages committed in Egypt by the barbarians. "That appears reasonable," thought he, "for if crocodiles do not serve to avenge outrages, for what do such horrible animals serve?"

A burning thirst devoured the throat of

the philosopher, another evil of the siege. Dates excite thirst very much. What should he drink? The unfortunate Tantalus saw a large stream under his feet, and he was dying of thirst. The Nile made ironical murmurs; it was content with freshening the air, and it would not give a drop of water for the burning fever of an unfortunate philosopher.

At this moment light vapors covered the sun, and Adamson made a movement of joy; he counted on a good rain, and he had already prepared his hands to catch the dew from the sky; but his joy was short. The palm-tree of Adamson was fatally placed in a latitude where rain never falls.

The crocodile seemed to guess the suffering of the philosopher from Belfast; he drank great quantities of water from the river, all the time keeping his eye on the tree. The jokes of monsters are intolerable. Adamson was disgusted, which gave a new irritation to his thirst. He glanced down the Nile in the hope of finding a boat, and of sending a cry of distress to the sailors, but this hope was vain. The solitude kept its deathly silence.

Involuntarily the philosopher's thoughts came to the story of Robinson Crusoe. "This solitary man," he said, "was very wrong to murmur against an evil which would appear so fortunate to me. But my countryman had his good qualities. He was a born inventor. He made himself bread, a parasol, a costume, and even a pipe. Privation made him ingenious. On this palm-tree Robinson would have found water. Let me see how he would have done it!"

The philosopher thought for a long time, to find out the way to procure water. Finally he clapped his hands as if to applaud himself; he had discovered a proceeding which promised success. What a little thing is needed to give joy to poor humanity!

Adamson, eager to compete with his countryman, Robinson, set immediately to work. He broke off several very long branches, and bound them at each end by some filaments detached from the trunk.

This done, he waited for the moment when the crocodile was taking a walk at the water's edge, and let fall his pump to the border of the stream, where it absorbed a great deal of water by the spongy leaves, floating at the end. This vegetable cord was drawn back again with great precaution, and his lips hastened to taste the leaves soaked with the water sweet, and twice sweet. Our philosopher laughed with happiness, and having nothing better to do, he recommenced the experiment, and yielded, without limit, to all the excess of intemperance, to pay himself for the long duration of thirst. He laughed especially at the thought of mystifying the crocodile, who besides deserved such a turn.

Reassured as to the two first needs of life, Adamson remembered that he had felt a disagreeable coolness during the damp hours of the preceding night; the absence of all costume as a bather was very comfortable during the tropical heat of the day, but it was necessary to think how to clothe himself for the cool night. So he picked a number of enormous leaves, and sitting like a tailor, made a vegetable garment which, without belonging to the latest fashion, had a very picturesque appearance. Now he was lodged, clothed, fed, and his thirst quenched, at the expense of Nature.

Let us leave for a while our happy solitaire in his palm-tree, and descend the left bank of the Nile, where a new incident of this story is going to reveal itself to the unfortunate Adamson. M. Darlingle, an English botanist, was seeking for the yellow lotus on the deserted banks of the Nile, accompanied by two Arabs armed with guns. Herodotus had the privilege of seeing things, among others two pyramids 600 feet in height in the middle of Lake Moeris. He might then well have seen the yellow lotus. It is true, since his time, they have disappeared, which obliges conscientious botanists to search for them continually.

There are some things which overwhelm the imagination when one meets them in the desert. Darlingle then had reason when he uttered a cry of terror on the

bank of the Nile. He had just seen two boots, one standing and proud and the other lying on its side as if tired by a long disuse. Nothing is so stupid to see as two boots waiting for the porter in the corridor of a hotel, but the sentiments they can inspire on the deserted bank of the Nile are inexpressible. One utters a cry, and one recoils in horror. We must here state that the garments left on the bank of the Nile, had disappeared, whether the current of the river had carried them off, or whether the crocodiles had devoured them in passing. The boots alone remained standing, and a little apart on a rock.

The botanist turned at the slight noise of the water, caused by a cluster of dates, and this time he felt still greater surprise than at first; he saw a palm-tree waving an enormous plume without, and this discovery caused him infinite joy after the first moment of surprise. He would have given all the yellow lotus for this curious palm-tree, for he thought that he had discovered a new species, to which he could give the name, "Palmier Darlinge."

A third surprise in the same hour, the last absorbing the others. He had distinctly seen a face, and that an English face, and a hand shaking a branch broken off and surmounted by a plume. The three men took counsel: it was necessary to find a boat, and to aid a traveller in distress. One of the Arabs proposed a plan which was adopted. They set out for a village distant several miles in the desert, and, after two burning hours, and a rapid march over the sand, they reached the place, and fortunately found a fisher with a boat,

which was immediately launched into the water.

The crocodile saw the little bark coming as a victim, or as a danger, and he prepared defense or flight, according to the importance or to the number of the aggressors. Lying on the border of the stream, motionless as a stuffed crocodile, he held his mouth open to swallow the first enemy.

The two Arabs stood up in the boat and fired. The balls entered by the only vulnerable spot, the open mouth. The crocodile closed his eyes, bathed in tears, and never moved again.

Adamson readjusted his vegetable toilet, looked for his gloves by habit, and not finding them, descended very cautiously so as not to tear his clothes. Arabs are grave, but their gravity disappeared in immoderate laughter when they saw Adamson's costume. The botanist himself, reassured by the death of the crocodile, bit his lips to keep from giving a fatal blow to the sensitive feelings of his countryman.

The rescuer and the rescued shook hands, as was the custom of their country, and related their stories. Darlinge stopped the laughter of the Arabs, and taking off his coat, gave it to Adamson, who put it on, buttoning it up to his chin.

The philosopher and the botanist were united at that moment, in a lasting friendship. They renounced one the peninsula of Meroe, the other the yellow lotus, and decided to be appointed consulate to some Indian city.

CATHARINE W. CLARK, '99.

A Translation from the German.

Frederick the Great was almost always at war with the other nations, and because of this always required many soldiers.

One of his regiments consisted only of extraordinarily large and handsome men. One day a very large and stately Frenchman presented himself to the captain and told him he would like to serve the king

of Prussia. On account of his size the captain at once took him, had a uniform made for him, and told him that he must learn German as quickly as possible.

"Meanwhile," he added, "you must at least learn the answers to three questions. The king has very sharp eyes. He will notice at once that you are new in the

service, and he will ask you the three questions, which he asks of all new soldiers. They run thus: First, how old are you? Second, how long have you been in my service? Third, do you carefully keep your uniform and wages? Under these circumstances he always asks the same questions, and always in the same order, so that if you should learn the three answers accurately, you could answer promptly."

Some time after that the king came in order to review the regiment. As he came to the Frenchman, he suddenly stopped, looked at him, very well pleased, and said quickly:

"How long have you been in my service?"

The Frenchman, who did not wholly

understand the question, quickly gave the first learned answer:

"Twenty-one years, your majesty."

"What! how old are you then?" cried the king, greatly astonished.

"One year, your majesty."

This answer surprised the king still more.

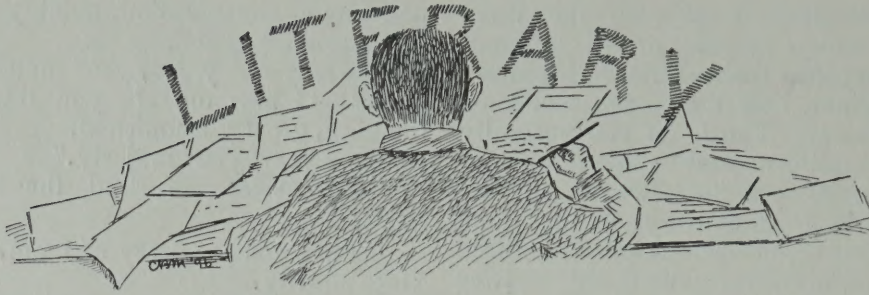
"Either you are crazy or I am," said the king angrily.

"Both, your majesty," answered the soldier, who gave the answer learned by heart to the third question without hesitation.

As the captain explained the state of affairs, the king laughed heartily, and commanded the soldier to learn German as quickly as possible.

LULU M. BAILEY, '99.





DEPARTMENT EDITOR—L. G. WILLGOOSE.

The Story of the Greening.

Who has not tasted the famous Rhode Island greening apple? It is one of the gayest colored fruits, with its brilliant green tint and its dash of bright yellow. Its taste is luscious, just tart enough to suggest the fresh clear air of the north.

But few people have ever heard the story of the king of apples, and why it grows so much better in Aquidneck. So I will tell you the story as nearly as possible as it was told to me. I cannot vouch for the truth of it, although a native of Rhode Island related it to me.

More than a century ago, while the great bustling city of New York was only a little quiet Dutch village on Manhattan island, the city of Newport was the great commercial port of New England. Many wealthy ship owners resided there, and among these was a rich East India merchant who owned many ships,—a Mr. Fox.

Upon one of his voyages to the Indies, a terrible storm came up, but Captain Fox was a good sailor, and after a hard struggle his ship passed through the ordeal safely. Then they spied three men floating on a spar in the water. The sailors rescued the men, and when they were on board the captain perceived that one of them was a person of distinction. He proved to be the son of a Persian ruler and heir to the throne.

In a short time the prince left the ship, and returned home to his father. Captain Fox thought no more of the affair. But

one day, while his ship was lying in port, a messenger came from the Persian ruler, who thanked him for saving the prince's life, and begged to offer him a slight token of his gratitude.

It was a slender and graceful tree, planted in a beautiful tub of porcelain,—a carefully nourished shoot from his majesty's garden, which was said to be situated upon the very site of the Garden of Eden. It was also maintained that the parent stock was none other than the original tree, the fruit of which our first parents ate. (But my friend told me that she herself really doubted that last statement.)

The captain accepted the gift, and watered and cared for the tree on his voyage home. When he reached Newport he placed the tree in a shed, intending to plant it in his greenhouse the next day.

During the night, while he slept, a vision appeared to him. It was that of a beautiful woman, Mother Eve, who had come to warn him against the commission of a serious error, namely—that he must by no means place the tree, whose qualities she knew only too well, within the greenhouse, for it should be planted in open air. The vision then faded and disappeared.

The next morning the captain obeyed the command, and carefully planted the tree, and later it bore the most delicious fruit. And this is the story of the Rhode Island greening.

HELEN MOSELEY, 1900.

Village Improvement Societies.

Most of the beautiful villages and towns in the United States have acquired their beauty not purely from nature, but through the voluntary co-operation of the residents. This voluntary co-operation has also contributed to neatness, thrift and prosperity. As a general thing, such results have been brought about through village improvement societies. This work in a suburban town or village is easier to begin and easier to accomplish than in the country, simply because a large majority of the residents are either active workers in city life, or observe it very closely. In action and ambition, therefore, they feel the influence of this great movement, which sustains them in their growth.

The future welfare of the country village depends largely upon its situation for the summer residence of those who prefer at that season of the year to leave the hot and crowded cities. Many years ago a fortnight's vacation was considered to be enough for the busiest of the city men. When a longer rest was considered desirable, and then, soon was considered necessary, families of means took up their abode in the great hotels of the various watering places. After a time many came to the conclusion that country life was more comfortable, and altogether more to be desired; and so the country place became the hobby.

When this large well-to-do class realized that country life was the most pleasant kind of summer life, they tried to think of a plan to make it possible for them to live in the country without keeping a regular country residence, which none save a man

of wealth could have. The country village was found to be the place for them, for in a real country village, a man and his family can be of as much importance as though they owned a thousand acres and a stately residence.

But a village which has this kind of residents must have attractions, attractions which are natural to begin with, but have been beautified by the residents. It is in this work that a village improvement society may be very useful.

But societies of this kind meet with many difficulties. One of the first things they do is to improve the roads, and construct the sidewalks, so that they will be neither dusty nor muddy. Then, the next thing, the fences will be taken down, little by little, and soon all of them will disappear, making the village park-like in appearance. But the majority of old-fashioned people think that their privacy is supported by a front fence, and besides, where the sidewalks are not good, the lawns will surely be trampled over, if there is no fence. But in most cases, where the sidewalks are good, and front fences fall into decay, they will be removed rather than renewed.

The people will become interested in this society. They will begin to think of a public library; they will plan to have running water in the town instead of the old-fashioned pump; they will recognize the value of electric lights and electric cars also. Through such a society the value of property in a village will rapidly increase.

BESSIE P. BAILEY, '01.

The Indians.

There are at least two opinions predominant concerning these oppressed people. One is, that it serves them right that they have been downtrodden, and treated with gross injustice, because they are naturally a savage race, and follow their

bent, and therefore, to quote a familiar saying, "The only safe Indian is a dead Indian," and as large a number as possible should be despatched to that place of security as rapidly as may be.

But a far more charitable number opine

that the Indians are really oppressed, and have a right to feel bitterly against their oppressors. In the first place, the Indians were awed and impressed by the arrival of the "white man" upon their formerly unexplored country. They thought them superior kings, and offered a truce to them. And how has this truce been kept!

The Indians, even from the first, have been robbed of their lands and cattle, and been forced closer and closer together, until "reservations," granted to them by the rulers of a land that had originally belonged to them and had been stolen by a people stronger than they, are their only lands and homes.

A great many say, "Well, look at the terrible outrages of the Indians on the European settlers, that would have been the same, however they had been treated." But who can prove that? No one, for it has never been tried.

Out in the west, where there were so many emigrants from the east, the lands of the Indians were taken—whole villages, sometimes, the owners receiving any price the purchasers chose to set, and occasionally turned out unceremoniously. If an Indian refused to sell, he was finally forced to give, and very frequently advantage was taken of his ignorance to persuade him that his land was on a claim settled upon a purchaser, or to induce him to sign papers deeding his home. Then the Indian sought another place; he was followed, and again forced away. In many instances he finally penetrated to wilds before shunned by his race, because of superstitions.

Then how were they regarded by the new inhabitants? Merely as a set of dogs—"dog of an Indian" was a common name for them—to be gotten rid of as fast as

possible. An Indian's word did not hold in court more than a colored man's, and the Indian agents, kindly sent by the government to care for the sick, went to an Indian's house very rarely, for if the sick person was not able to come to the office, he could die, although the distance of some of the settlements was so great that to expect any sick person to travel that distance was worse than absurd. Then what did they care if the Indian died? Nobody would believe an Indian if complaint was made, and as they had no use for life, it really would be merciful to kill them; so, either purposely or carelessly, they often caused death with their remedies. It was oftenest in these agents' offices that an Indian signed away his land, on the supposition that it was a register.

I know of one instance where an Indian, who had been driven from his well kept and fertile farm in San Pasquale, and had taken refuge on San Jacinto mountain, farther up than the "white man" knew, went a distance of forty miles, leading his better horse, that it might not grow tired, to an agent, to beg him to come and see his only child, a little girl who was dying. The agent would not go, for the way was rough and a heavy snow storm was falling,—and what was an Indian to a cold? But he sent some medicine, which made the child far more ill. It was nearly hopeless, but they strapped the baby's cradle to the saddle of the old horse, and its father and mother started to carry her through the storm to the agent. At the end of a few miles the little one died, and its parents returned home; but the father's grief, and his long continued wrongs, affected his brain, and he died soon after, being brutally shot by a man whose horse he had mistaken for his own. MABEL W. CLARK, '01.

Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata.

The following story is told of how Beethoven came to write his wonderful Moonlight Sonata:

One evening Beethoven and his friend were hurrying along one of the streets of

Bonn, when suddenly they heard the familiar notes of the Sonata in F. Something in the musician's touch attracted Beethoven, and he stopped to listen. They heard the last notes die away, and then the

musician's despairing moan, "O, that I might hear some really good musician play this!"

Beethoven turned to his friend and said, "Let us enter." They found that the musician was a poor blind girl. Beethoven seated himself by the old harpsichord and played the sonata as he had never played it before. When he had finished they all called loudly for the musician's name. For answer he played the opening bars of the Sonata in F. "It's Beethoven!" they cried in awe and admiration.

Suddenly the candle flickered and went out. Beethoven bent over, leaning his head on his hand, and his friend opened

the shutters, letting the moonlight in. The flood of soft light touched up the old instrument and transfigured the bent form of Beethoven. Suddenly he raised his head and said, "Listen, I will improvise a sonata to the moonlight." Then was created that famous sonata, beginning in a sad, tender movement, the embodiment of the soft, transfiguring rays of the moonlight.

When the beautiful sonata was ended, Beethoven hastily bade farewell and hurried home to put upon paper his most famous composition.

JOSEPHINE H. FERNALD, '01.

My Ideal House.

Often I have amused myself by drawing plans of houses. At present my ideal house is as follows:

The main part of the house is square. On one side, in front, is the reception hall. In one corner is a large fireplace, in front of which my dogs shall lie and bask in the firelight's glow, for I am going to have dogs, and cats, too.

Through the folding doors to the left of the hall, is the parlor. This room is not to be used daily, but for special occasions. In this room, also, there is a fire-place. Back of the parlor is the library. This is to be our living room. Along one wall is built a long book-case, which shall contain the different authors' entire works. The piano shall stand in the corner near the window, and between the two windows is the music case. There are plenty of easy chairs in which one can enjoy one's self beside the open fire, on stormy evenings. From this room is a door leading to the wide piazza, which extends along the whole front and side of the house. Side of the library and back of the hall is the dining room. This room is furnished with heavy oak furniture, and the trimmings of the room are also of oak. In this room is

the one bay window of the whole house, which is for flowers.

Back of these rooms is the kitchen. This is large and has plenty of windows. Between the dining room and kitchen is a door that can swing both ways. To avoid collisions, this door has a glass in it. At one end of the kitchen is the pantry, together with the back hall. From the back hall are the stairs leading to the cellar.

In one corner of the reception hall are the stairs, with a window over the broad landing. The upper rooms are arranged very much as the lower ones are. The front part of the hall, up stairs, is used for an office and sewing room. There are bed-rooms over the parlor, library, dining-room and kitchen, with a hall between to the bath room, also over the kitchen.

In the attic there is but one room. This extends from front to back over the main part of the house, and has unfinished store rooms on either side.

There are no carpets in the house; the floors are all hard wood, with plenty of rugs, and there are palms and ferns scattered about. It is heated by hot water.

The lower part of the house is of stone, and the upper part of wood. The color

does not worry me—one color is as good as another.

The lawn in front is unbroken by flower beds, but on the side it is one mass of flowers and plants. There are plenty of large shade trees scattered about the grounds,

and comfortable garden-seats, too. There is a stable back of the house,—for I mean to have a horse.

Such is my ideal house and its surroundings.

MARGARET MITCHELL, '02.

True Courtesy.

General Lee was once riding in the cars to Richmond, and was seated at the end farthest from the door. Officers and soldiers occupied the other seats, so that they were all filled. An old woman, who was dressed poorly, entered the car at one of the stations, and finding no seat and having none offered to her, approached to where the general was seated.

General Lee rose immediately and gave

her his seat. Instantly there was a general rising, each one offering his seat to the general. But he calmly said: "No, gentlemen, if there was not a seat for an infirm old lady, there can be none for me."

This caused the soldiers to feel ashamed. One after another left the car, and soon the general and the old lady had it to themselves.

E. L. RIGGS, '01.

Morning in the Mountain.

We had just made camp the day before, by a lake about twenty miles from Mt. Washington, and were up early in the morning to see the first sun-rise. We had taken our guns and rods, and pushed off in a canoe just as the morning was breaking. All nature seemed to be asleep; no sound could be heard but the dip of our paddles, when all at once a deer bounded into the forest, seeming to awaken nature.

The birds were flitting to and fro among the trees, and the fish jumping about us, disturbing the glassy surface of the lake.

Then the sun rose from behind a mountain, lighting up the snow-capped Mt. Washington, on whose summit there seemed to be a great silver ball. Then the sunlight gradually descended, lighting up the whole side and causing sunbeams to flicker among the tree-tops. At last its rays reached the lake, which appeared like a broad sheet of silver. After watching the beauty of nature for quite a while, we returned to camp and breakfasted.

FRANK A. BEAN, '01.





DEPARTMENT EDITOR—CLARENCE A. RATHBONE.

—O Conspicuous Fathers!

—Cæsar, the “King” of Gaul!

—How about that brood of pigs, T—.

—W—’99, On altars desecrated to you.

—R C—’99, He smiled a little frown.

—S—’02, The Mormons invaded Rome.

—W—’02, He took up an ash and carried it out.

—Why does S—’02, recite to the black-board?

—S—’01, He was old, but he was young and active.

—F—’01, The soldiers dismounted from their ships.

—Miss W—’99, (translating French) He stood on her feet.

—W—’99, (translating) And deprived you of your rigging.

—Miss G—Black is always white and white is always black.

—Why does Miss W—’01, buy two dozen pencils at a time?

—Mr. G—Never heat a wire gauze without an evaporating dish.

—Miss P—’01, I can talk, but I don’t know how.

—Miss W—’99, Isn’t it too hot to learn French verbs?

—W—’99, All on board were probably leaning over the rail.

—Teacher—What is verdure?

Miss M—’01, A beast.

—Miss B—’00, And those born on high ground (in high places).

—What kind of a man is a sponge?

Miss M—’01, A soft man.

—Miss C—’99, thinks Daniel Webster spoke in the Continental Congress.

—Teacher—Who was St. Ann?

B—’01, (after much thought) A witch!

—Who was Mary, Queen of Scots?

R—’01, She was queen before her son.

—W—’99, Burn’s father and mother were poor and honest, or rather his father was.

—Miss G. to B—’01, You might use better English, as this is an English recitation.

—T—What word in English comes from capio?

Sch—Carpet?

—W—, '99, Weep, weep, my ears.

—B—, '02, thinks "sums" is a part of "sum."

—Be sure to say Mr. when addressing L—'01.

—A sample of freshman grammar, "I been eating gum. B—, '02.

—Mr. G—, (in the French lesson), And sometimes the j's become y's.

—Translation in Latin: The bay of Tarentum, founded by Hercules.

—What a demand there was for the fan of Miss W—, '99, those hot days.

—Teacher—What does imprisonment mean? Bright Freshman,—Shut up!

—Who was Miss C—, '99, waving her handkerchief to June 19, when the window behind her was open?

—Senior — (translating Virgil) They stood with open mouths and—
Voice from the rear—Rubber necks.

—Mr. G—(announcing in Chemistry) Our next experiment will be the making of soap.

Scholar, (not understanding)—how do you spell it?

Mr. G—S A O P!

—The officers of the school company for the next year are as follows:

Capt., A. H. Whetton, '00.
1st Lieut., A. F. Leonard, '00.
2d Lieut., J. A. Ladd, '01.
1st Sergt., F. A. Bean, '01.
2d Sergt., H. S. Rogers, '01.
3d Sergt., H. E. Crisp, '01.
Corp's, French, Beless and Lowe, '01.

—Teacher—According to some accounts Francis I. sent out Verrazano in 1524.

B—'01, Was he a woman?

—Teacher—How many examples did you have correct?

Would-be witty Freshman—All I did.

T—How many did you do?

W. B. W. F.—None.

Sounds rather familiar, H.

A JUNIOR'S THANKSGIVING VISION.

On Thanksgiving night I woke with a start,
And saw, standing at my head,
The oddest figure that ever you saw,
Or of which you have ever read.

It looked like a turned out flame of gas,
Or a lesson you've never learned,
Or the bloom of a plum when the plum is ripe,
Or an exercise you have burned.

"I'm all your thoughts personified," it said,
"That's why I am so thin;
That there's no substance to them 's proved
By the sad state I'm in."

Its right hand was composed of Prose,
Its left of Latin Grammar,
Its feet were made of tablets, and
Its ears in a similar manner.

Its gown was made of everything
That of Geom. I know,
And lest this wrap might seem too thin,
A little Physics, too.

Its head was made of Cicero,
Its hair of book-straps curled,
Its voice was all composed of notes,
The strongest in the world.

Its eyes resembled polygraphs,
Its nose a pencil point,
And when it spoke you felt as if
The world was out of joint.

"It's all your fault that I am weak,"
The awful object said,
"And so I'll take the liberty
Of sitting in your bed."

And there it sat until my tongue
To silent be refused,
Then when I screamed, it vanishing said
"The class may be excused."—[Ex.



Percy E. Wye.
Ella Tuttle.
Thomas J. Falvey.
Lulu M. Bailey.
Catherine W. Clark.
Maude E. Wellington.

Clarence A. Rathbone.
Helen C. Peabody.
Principal Godfrey.
Fred L. Carter Jr.

Roscoe A. Carter.
Elsie F. Wait.
Gertrude L. Whall.
Walter H. Thacher.
Edith F. Tuck.
Hannah R. Colburn.

Class Ode.

Four years ago, when autumn harvests bore,
 We came to school, with joyous wonderment;
 The years have flown, the happy dream is spent
 And we look back where once we looked before.

Four years — it hardly seems to be so long,
 Awhile, and all is o'er; I cannot feel
 Another life is near for woe or weal,
 But fondly linger still, nor think it wrong.

Dear schoolmates, we must bid you all farewell,
 Long have we worked together hand with heart,
 A fond farewell we bid you ere we part,
 And pledge a stronger friendship than we tell.

Dear teachers, who have loved to guard and guide,
 To thee we offer heartfelt gratitude,
 Your love has kept us strong, and now renewed,
 Shall help us seize our fortune at its tide.

Dear classmates, not together we depart,
 We, too, must separate and go our ways,
 A new life opens on these dear school days,
 The end is near, be firm and strong of heart.

PERCY E. WYE.



Class of '99.

"Success Depends on Self."

Hannah Richards Colburn was born February 18, 1882, in that part of Needham known as Greendale. Her principal exploits in early youth were breaking her limbs twice. After that her life was uneventful. In September, 1894, she entered the ninth grade of the Kimball school and a year from that date became a student of the Needham High School.



The city of Leicester, England, although accustomed to everything of a startling nature was, on March 22, 1882, the scene of the wildest excitement. The cause was soon ascertained. Percy Edwin Wye had made his advent into the busy world. At the age of 3 he made a voyage across the Atlantic accompanied by his parents. In 1887 he took up educational work, but was

greatly annoyed by the fact that he had to learn his A, B, C's before he could read Shakespeare. Save one year's attendance at the public schools of Watertown, he has received his education from the Needham schools.



At Norwich, Connecticut, on February 12, 1882, Clarence Amos Rathbone began his career in this world. When he was but a few months old he nearly froze to death, being kept out too late at night. At an early age he had several experiments upon the hardness of rock compared to his head, but decided in favor of the rock. He lived in two towns in Connecticut and also three in Massachusetts. He entered the High School of Needham in the year 1895.

Eastport, Maine, was the birthplace of Catharine Wellman Clark. She entered the world July 1, 1881. Being very brilliant she learned to read at the remarkable age of 3 years. After spending the first four years of her life in Maine, she then moved about in various parts of Massachusetts, finally settling in Needham, where she continued her education in the High School.

Ella Tuttle was born in Charlestown, Massachusetts, on December 23, 1881, and moved to Needham in the following May with her parents. She began her school life the fall before she was 5 years of age, and entered the High School in the year 1895. She now meditates taking a course in agriculture, and already the fame of her strawberries is widespread.

In "The City of Elms," New Haven, Connecticut, on December 27, 1879, Lulu Maud Bailey was born. In early youth she migrated to Worcester, Massachusetts, where she entered the public schools at the age of 8 years, and continued her studies there for three years, then she came to Needham and at once entered the Kimball School. Nothing exciting has disturbed her peaceful life.

Roscoe Arnold Carter first looked upon this earth in Highlandville on July 29, 1880. When he was very young, while playing about, he ran into an open drawer and cut a gash in his head. At another time he narrowly escaped having his leg cut off by a scythe which his youthful playmate was trying to manage. He has always attended school in Needham, first at the Avery and then at the High.

Gertrude Lillian Whall was first introduced to the ways of the world at Newton Center, Massachusetts, on March 6, 1881. She first went to church at the age of 3 years, carrying a watering pot,

but was not allowed to enter. She moved to Highlandville when she was 3 years old, and her first school work was in that place. She attended the Avery Grammar and from there entered the High in September, 1895.

"The Hub of the Universe" was the spot where Thomas Joseph Falvey had the honor to be born on August 10, 1880. When 5 years old he moved to Brighton and was graduated from Bennett School with the class of '95. He came to Needham in time to enter the High School with his present class, and has always well supported the military standard of his class, since drills have been introduced into this school.

On February 15, 1881, Fred Louis Carter, Jr., first came into this world. He passed a very uneventful life until the year 1897, when he made a diversion in it by unluckily encountering a man on a wheel, and while being carried home he bitterly mourned that they would not let him ride his bicycle. He has lived in Needham almost all his life, and is about to become a noted athlete and professor.

In Dover on the 12th of April, 1881, Edith Florence Tuck was born. She moved to Needham at the age of 6 months with her parents. All her school-life has been passed in the Needham schools and she entered the High in 1895. Although she claims that nothing important has disturbed her life, we do not doubt that with her mischievous tendencies, she has been cause of enough perplexity to her parents and friends.

Walter Hatch Thacher was born in Augusta, Maine, on the 12th of November, 1881. From there he moved to the sunny clime of Santa Barbara, California, where he remained for five years. He came to Needham in 1895, and since then he has convinced his friends, unconsciously of course, that the "sunny clime of California"

has not been without effect on his temperament, and has reflected some of its brilliancy on his devoted head.



The birthplace of Helen Corinne Peabody is now no more, as immediately after her advent into this world on February 28, 1881, it was thought best to change the little village of Grantville into Wellesley Hills. Let us hope that this change was not due to any desire to repress her assertiveness, as, if this was its aim, it has failed of its mission. She has received her entire education in Needham schools, which she entered at the age of 7, and her chief accomplishments are making faces and attending to other people's affairs.



Elsie Frances Wait was born at Boston Highlands September 26, 1881. When only 2 years old, at which age she removed

to Needham, she showed a remarkable tendency which was to develop later into her mania for writing notes. This tendency was first evidenced by her fondness for her father's pocket-book, and her interest in this line has never flagged. She has lived here all her life, and entered the High School in 1895.



Strange as it may seem, there is a doubt concerning the birthplace of Maude Evangeline Wellington, although the date is firmly fixed as November 2, 1879. The fact is that the house stood on the boundary line of Cambridge and Somerville. She first attended school at the age of 6 years, in Cambridge, and was noted for being a very sly runaway at this stage of her life. She moved to Needham at the age of 10 years, and entered the sixth grade, Kimball school; then entered the High with her present class.



Characteristics of the Class of '99.

COMPILED BY LAURA G. WILLGOOSE.

NAME.	WEIGHT.	HEIGHT.	DATE OF BIRTH.	RELIGIOUS PREFERENCE.	NATURE.	CAST OF COUNTENANCE.
Roscoe A. Carter	125 lbs.	5 ft. 5 in.	July 29, 1880	Non-Sectarian	Sentimental	Smiling.
Helen C. Peabody	119 "	5 ft. 6 in.	Feb. 28, 1881	Theosophist	Given to moods	Coquettish.
Clarence Rathbone	114 "	5 ft. 5 in.	Feb. 12, 1882	Protestant	Shy	Meek.
Percy Wye	135 "	5 ft. 9 in.	Mar. 22, 1882	Unitarian	Takes life easy	Sleepy.
Lulu M. Bailey	120 "	5 ft. 5 in.	Dec. 27, 1879	Orthodox	Genial	Bewitching.
Maude Wellington	103 "	5 ft. 3 in.	Nov. 2, 1879	Orthodox	Lovable	Changeable.
Walter Thacher	115 "	5 ft. 6 in.	Nov. 12, 1881	Unitarian	Confidential	Frank.
Elsie Wait	108 "	5 ft. 5 in.	Sept. 26, 1881	Baptist	Happy-go-lucky	Piqued.
Hannah Colburn	131 "	5 ft. 4 in.	Feb. 18, 1882	Unitarian	Mischievous	Droll.
Edith Tuck	113 1-2 "	5 ft. 4 in.	Apr. 12, 1881	Episcopalian	Free	Gay.
Catharine Clark	140 "	5 ft. 7 in.	July 1, 1881	Unitarian	Business-like	Fearless.
Thomas Falvey	136 "	5 ft. 3-8 in.	Aug. 10, 1880	Catholic	Quiet	Serious.
Ella Tuttle	115 "	5 ft. 4 in.	Dec. 23, 1881	Unitarian	Generous	Romantic.
Gertrude Whall	150 "	5 ft. 7 in.	Mar. 6, 1881	Undecided	Placid	Virtuous.
Fred L. Carter, jr.	128 "	5 ft. 9 in.	Feb. 15, 1881	Unitarian	Reticent	Stern.

NAME.	OPINION OF OPPOSITE SEX.	FAVORITE EMPLOYMENT.	FUTURE OCCUPATION.	POLITICS.	NICK-NAME.
Roscoe A. Carter	Angelic	Buggy riding	Dentist	Republican	Ross.
Helen C. Peabody	They're gay deceivers	Washing dishes	Actress	Non-expansionist	Not any that suit her.
Clarence Rathbone	'Fraid of 'em	Bicycle riding	Noted librarian	Republican	Ratie.
Percy Wye	Pretty good for ornaments	Eating ice cream	Mercantile life	Republican	Prim.
Lulu Bailey	Likes them all	Writing letters	Kindergarten work	Mugwump	Lu.
Maude Wellington	Doesn't like to say	Playing piano	Looking for one	Republican	Banty.
Elsie Wait	God bless 'em	Obliging the girls	Lawyer	Mugwump	Scratcher.
Hannah Colburn	Certain ones are all right	Whispering	Domestic life	Republican	Rub.
Edith Tuck	Not worth thinking about	Having a good time	Bo'd'g h'se mistr's	Republican	Peggy.
Catharine Clark	Indifferent	Going to walk	To stay at home	Undecided	Tuckie.
Thomas Falvey	They're all right	Studying Greek	Photographer	Republican	Cluckie.
Ella Tuttle	Takes no notice of them	Athletics	Rough rider	Democrat	Tom.
Gertrude Whall	Good in their place	Preaching	French maid	Mugwump	Turtle.
	O. K.?	Reading	Killing time	Republican	Miss Whale.
	"O woman in our hours of ease,				
	Uncertain, coy and hard to please,				
	But seen too oft, familiar with thy face,	Canoeing	Professor at Kadcliffe	Prohibitionist	Sammy.
	First we endure, then pity, then embrace."				
Fred L. Carter, jr.					

THE
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 A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED BY THE
 NEEDHAM HIGH SCHOOL.

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HELEN C. PEABODY.

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 Carter.

GEO. W. SOUTHWORTH, PRINTER, CHRONICLE OFFICE, NEEDHAM.

THE class of ninety-nine has, in many respects, been an unusual one. As its members number fifteen, it is the largest class ever to graduate from the Needham High School. Also, the size of the class prevented each one from having a part in the exercises; seven were chosen, all of whom, except the valedictorian and salutatorian, were selected by vote of the class. Then there is another departure: this class introduced into the closing weeks the feature of "Class Day." Since many other schools include this event in their program, its introduction seemed quite desirable. The graduating class entertained their friends in the Assembly Hall on Friday, June 23. One act from a French play was represented by six of the members, and the ladies' glee club gave two

selections. Refreshments were served, and each senior received the good wishes of the guests.



A DEPARTMENT, which we trust will be represented in succeeding volumes of the Advocate, is the Alumni. We regret that, owing to an unexpected set-back, it could not be introduced into this number. We think that one reason why this department should be resumed is the increased interest the alumni would then take in our paper. Formerly a directory of the graduates, of interest to many, was published in the Advocate. Articles by former scholars would help to connect the past and present of our school. We need the support of graduates to make the school paper what it should be.



THE boys of this school have at last decided not to be outdone by the girls in music. Perhaps we owe this happy resolution to the influence of our music directress; but however it is, a Boys' Glee club has been started, which has already sung at several of the churches. The members of this double quartet seem to take a lively interest in their work and are really very creditable to the school and themselves. Had they been able to have more practice, which now they crowd into such spare time as they may have in odd moments, they would doubtless have become a prominent feature of most of the entertainments of the vicinity. This club may also incite more than its own members to better work, for the girls must look well to their laurels else their rivals may carry them off. Let us congratulate the club on its success, and wish it long life and good support in the future.



DEPARTMENT EDITOR—HELEN M. STEVENS.

Some excellent stories have come to us under the heading "The Tale End of the Week," in the Mercury. The paper, edited monthly, is always interesting, and seemingly comes from a very wideawake school.

For sale—a large mastiff. Is a good watch-dog; will eat anything, very fond of children. For sale—a square piano, by a good musician, with carved legs.—[Ex.]

We agree with the statement that the Exchange column is the place for advice, criticism, etc. Surely, the "etc." should include praise. Nothing helps as much as a hearty word of commendation.

"I wonder if Prof. Kidder meant anything by it?"

"By what?"

He advertised to lecture on "Fools," and when I bought a ticket, it was marked "Admit One."—Ex.

In the locals of the Record is the following report of a Latin lesson: "There are several parts I have not, and I'm not very sure of the other parts." We wonder if the hot weather hasn't made the same state of affairs true in other schools, too.

There is a wide difference of opinion as to the number of apples eaten in the garden of Eden. Some say Eve (8) ate, and Adam 2 (too), total 10; others, Eve 8 and Adam 8, total 16; others say if Eve 8 and Adam 82, the total is 90; but if Eve 81, and Adam 812, the total is 893; if Eve 811st (ate one first) and Adam 812, the total is

1623; if Eve 814 (for) Adam and Adam 8124 Eve, the total is 8938; if Eve 814 Adam and Adam 81242 oblige Eve, the total is 82,006. Still wrong. Eve, when she 81, 812 many, and probably felt sorry for it; so Adam, in order to relieve her grief 812. Therefore if Adam 81, 8142 40fy Eve's depressed spirits, they both 81,896,—864 apples.—[Ex.]

"Camping," in the April number of the Record, is just the kind of a story one enjoys reading on a sleepy day.

"The Patriot Martyr" is the name of an interesting continued story in the Aggie Life, which, by the way, is the only fortnightly paper we receive.

Almost all of our exchanges come to us in black and white covers. Although black and white makes a very neat appearance, a color is a refreshing break in the monotony.

It may be interesting to our readers to know the names of our exchanges. Here they are: Springfield H. S. Recorder, Mass.; Recorder, Lynn, Mass.; Aggie Life, Amherst, Mass.; Tripod, Saco, Me.; New Britain H. S. Reflector, Conn.; Emblem, Southington, Conn.; H. S. Student, Bridgeport, Conn.; Will Carleton's Magazine, New York; World, St. Paul, Minn.; Bay City H. S. World, Mich.; Advocate, Lincoln, Neb.; Mercury, Milwaukee, Wis.; Record, Sioux City, Iowa; Crucible, Normal School, Greeley, Cal.; and Æneas, Oakland, Cal.

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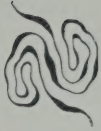
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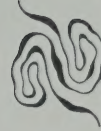
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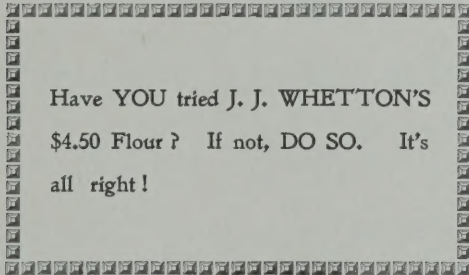
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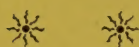
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